

FORD TIMES

april 1952





The gardens at Morven (above) and at York Hall (below), painted by Horace Day for the story, "Historic Garden Week in Virginia," on page 19.



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April, 1952

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My Tom Sawyer Town—

MARSHALL, TEXAS

story and paintings by Don Brown

MARSHALL was once a sleepy old East Texas town with Civil War memories and tree-shaded streets of red clay. Today the town has factories, colleges, saw mills, two libraries and Progress in every way.

But back in 1914 one sun-drenched day seemed to slip dreaming into another. People still pointed out the great oak on West Burleson beneath which General Sam Houston once made a speech. Confederate veterans sat under the sycamore trees on the courthouse square. Their white eyebrows quivered when Lee Hawley drove his two-cylinder horseless carriage all around the square and then out West Burleson.

The eyebrows of some of their granddaughters quivered when a pretty girl climbed to the high seat beside Lee and rode back to the square with him. A maiden lady of nineteen who lived across from us cried out in anguished tones:

"The nerve of her! Riding in an automobile with a man!"

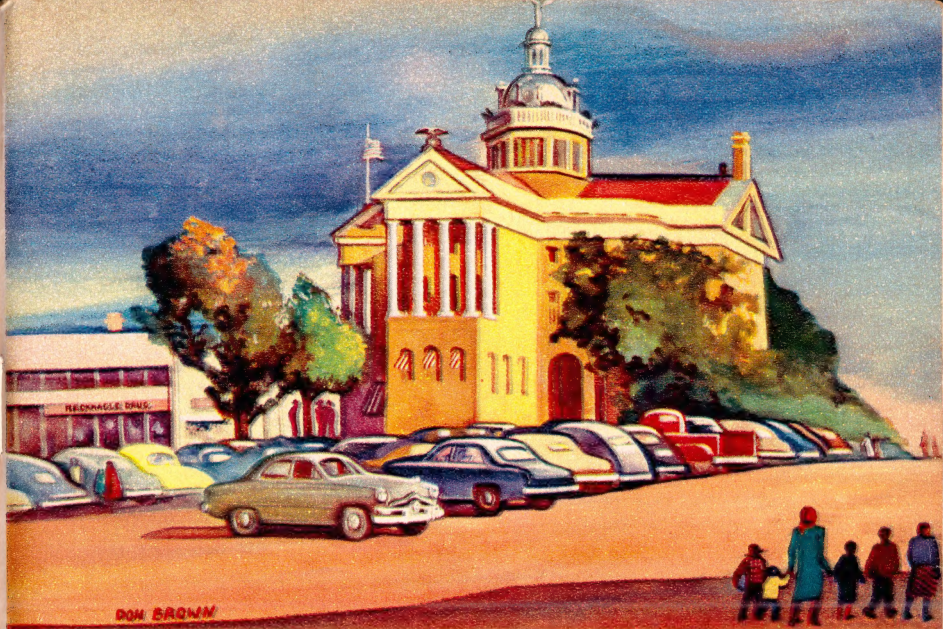
Out from Marshall in almost any direction lay ponds, creeks and clear beautiful lakes like Fern, Cox's, Sue Belle and, most fascinating of all, the Big Lake, Caddo. Every Friday the butcher shop of Marx Bath's general store next door to us was hung with great catfish, buffalo and gaspergou from Caddo. The amiable Marx allowed small boys to come into the shop and bug their eyes out at the sight. Once there was a loggerhead turtle weighing 120 pounds.

We walked to Cox's or Sue Belle or rode in buggies to others, but the Big Lake was something far away and wonderful. Father had to hire a surrey with fringe on the top from Spellings' livery stable to drive the family down there for a weekend—that is, until the Model T came along.

South of Marshall lay the Sabine River, with its white sandbars for camping and deep eddying pools where big blue

Above right: The Courthouse Square at Marshall, Texas.

Below right: Sam Houston oak on West Burleson Street.



catfish, perch and red-golden bream were easy to catch. Swamp rabbits could be trapped in the bottom lands on either side. Possums were hunted at night by the flaring light of pine torches and to the music of baying hounds. And in the swamp pools were alligators.

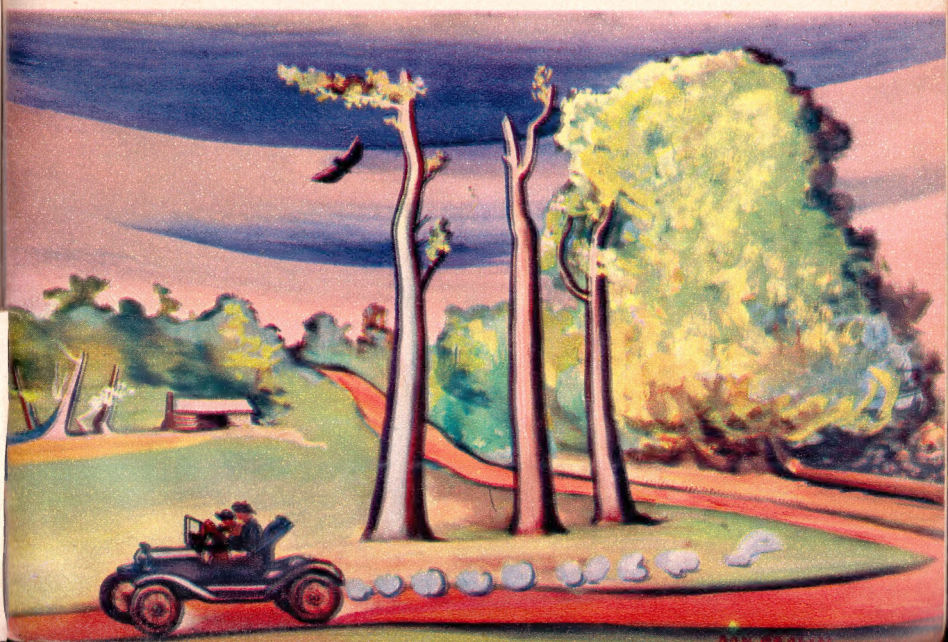
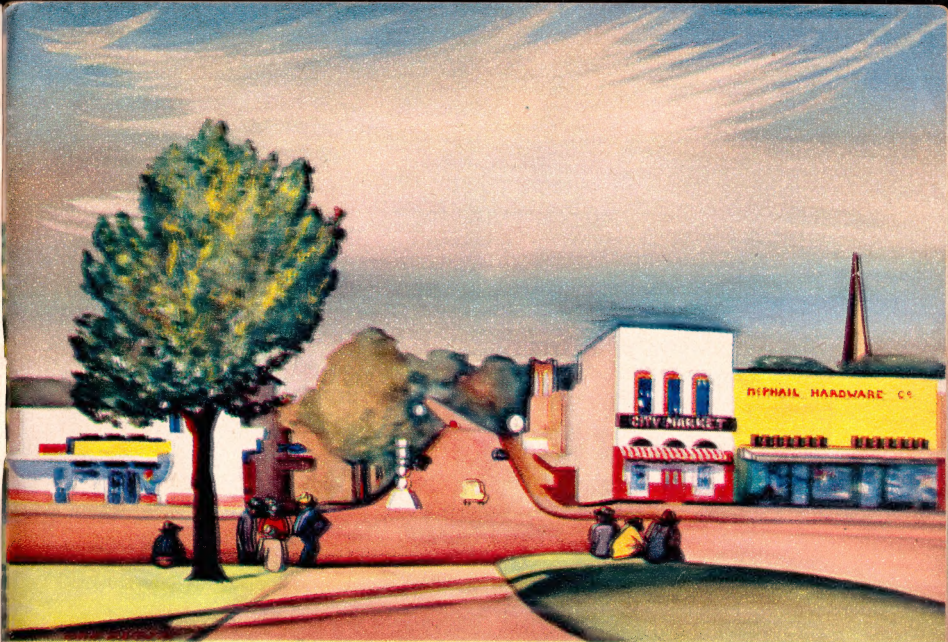
It was a peaceful town in those days too—but not along that block in West Burleson Street. Here lived twenty-seven boys, Tom Sawyers who made life wonderful for themselves but not for their Aunt Pollys. There was never a dull moment in this street while it was peopled by such dynamic personalities as Pee-wee Hall, Clint and Skinny Powell, Google-eye Dobbs, Catfish Merrit, Bo Clark, Wildcat Brown, Tam Brownrigg and all the rest.

There were Indian massacres, bandit raids, Hallowe'en tricks in and out of season, plain and fancy fist fights. And then there was the Civil War. We were still fighting it. We didn't know we were in a cultural lag—we didn't know what a cultural lag was. We were just a gang of red-hot little Confederates. Our weapons were acorns fired from slingshots. A loudly yelled "bang" simulated a long rifle. The Yankees were always outnumbered and always defeated.

There were only two girls in the whole block. They followed us about weeping and begging to join in our game. When, in desperation, we allowed them to be the Yankee army as the price of playing, they eagerly agreed. But somehow they did not seem adequate. Our interest faded, and we went off on swimming expeditions to Blue Moon hole, or camped overnight under the pines by the shore of Cox's Lake, or fished for craw-dads in the nameless little creek that ran through the middle of town beside the railroad tracks.

My interest in the Confederate cause revived when we moved to a small farm on the outskirts of Marshall. By now I had a small air rifle and had rigged out a Confederate uniform. Yearning again for a Yankee army to combat I dug a secret trench on the edge of the field where Alonza Brooks was working. He was to be the Yankee army. Knowing the local prejudices, I had thoughtfully withheld this information from Alonza. That he was my best friend and confidante was immaterial. I intended nothing personal against Alonza.

But the fact is that as he bent over to plant sweet potato



settings I shot him in the seat of the pants, hissing: "Take *that* you Yankee dog!"

Alonza complained that bees were stinging him; but on the third day of the battle I let fly with another lead pellet and the regular Confederate slogan, unfortunately uttered in too loud a voice.

Alonza heard me, discovered my trench and ran off yelling for my father. For the Confederate Army, that was Gettysburg and Appomatox rolled into one. The main attack was launched by my father on the Confederate rear.

We moved back to town and my father bought a yellow buggy and a gentle and intelligent old horse named Hunt. Hunt learned the way to Bonita Lake so that Ben Pope and I could get up at three o'clock in the morning, hitch him up, head toward Bonita and go to sleep. This worked fine until the time Hunt obligingly turned off a railless bridge to allow an approaching wagon to pass and Ben and I woke up in the creek.

We cooked wonderful mulligan stews on our winter trips to Bonita. I remember one that contained beef, bacon, sausage, frog legs, fresh fish, sardines, canned tomatoes, cheese, Irish potatoes, duck, squirrel, crackers and rabbit. All the members of that party are still alive.

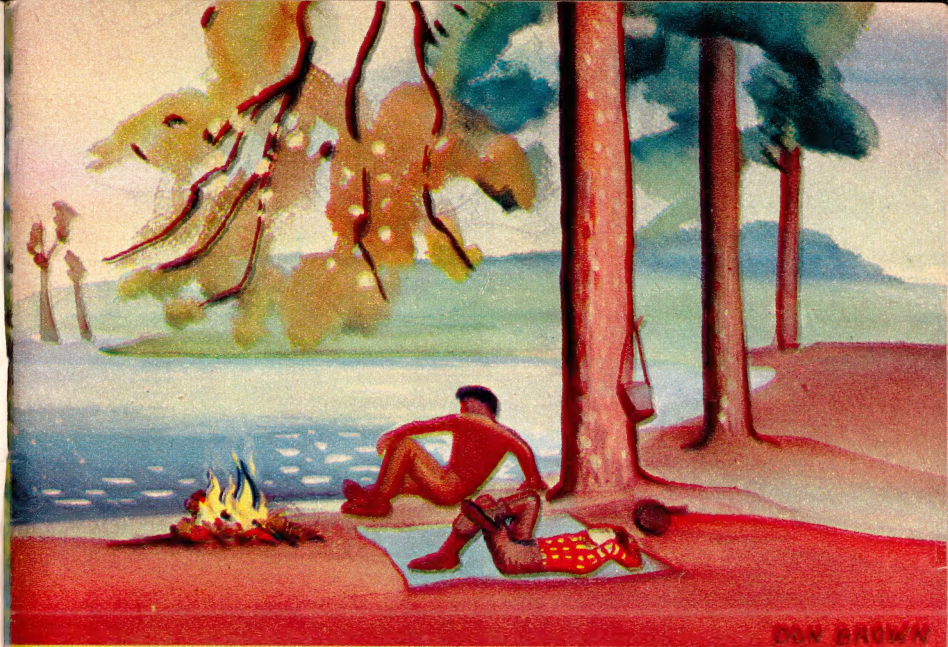
These mulligans were remarkable and varied when Will Robertson was along. Will was my Huck Finn. He was a great fisherman and hunter. He used to catch live snakes and bring them to school in his pocket.

We sold our yellow buggy and bought a Model T. Once my father let me borrow it on the promise of driving straight to Sunday School. I stopped by to see Will and we detoured around Sunday School to the Sabine River. By the time Uncle Holace Taylor was assembling his sometimes rowdy class of boys in the back room of the old Presbyterian Church, Will and I were naked, mud-splattered, and happy, seining for alligators in Miller's Pond at the edge of the river.

Dry weather had shrunk the overflow pond to one deep hole surrounded by wide mud flats. We tracked the old alligator into this hole. Her paws were big as my hands and her tail had made a heavily rhythmic furrow through the mud. We knew she was in there.

Our seine was a light one and only fourteen feet long. We

"Clay roads through pine covered hills"→



were after the baby alligators that should be in there by now. We caught one of them and I ran back to tie it down with a peg and some fish line. It was about a foot long and it twisted and gaped its mouth viciously, tearing the skin of my hand with its needle teeth. We caught two more the same size then tried to dare one another to take the seine into the deepest part of the hole where the old 'gator must be hiding.

We used all the old phrases such as "Yellow!" and "Double dog dare you!" until we had shamed one another, nude and trembling, into the very center of the deep hole. From behind us came a loud, throaty sound that turned our blood to ice-water. We threw down the seine in terror and fought our way to the safety of the flat. Not until we were there did we look back to see Ed Miller's old cow. She eyed us mildly and uttered another "Moo-o-o-OO?"

In ten minutes we had explained away our shameful flight to our mutual satisfaction. A boy who didn't have sense enough to run from a mad alligator just didn't have any sense. And it *had* sounded just exactly like a mad alligator.

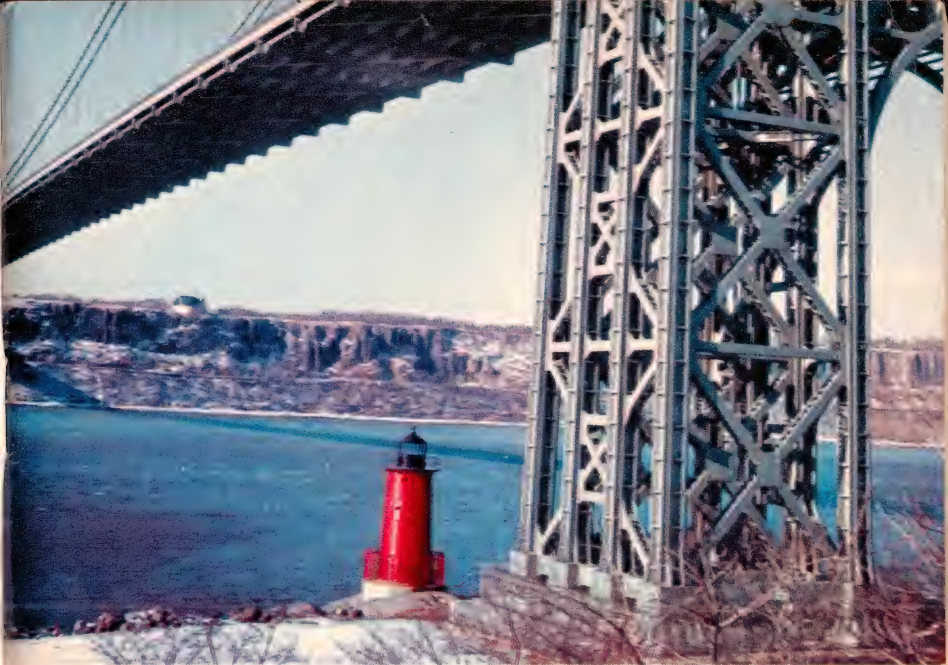
Our clumsy attempts to explain to Mama just how we came to be bringing alligators home from Sunday School led to certain difficulties. But they were soon forgotten in the bright aura of social success that surrounded us as we paraded our captives next day at the West End School.

My Becky Thatcher had honest gray eyes and golden curls. She wore blue-checked gingham dresses that were always clean and starched. She sat at the desk in front of me in the fifth grade and her long curls rested on the pencil groove of my desk where they were dumbly adored. Wanting to borrow an eraser one morning she turned and looked me straight in the eye. I almost swooned.

Recovering, I was swept with a fiery will to do something that would distinguish me in her eyes forever—some mad vaulting feat that should leave my name always remembered.

The longest of her golden curls caught my eye. It rested just next to my ink well. Taking the end of the curl gently, I poked it into the mouth of the ink well. When she shook her head the soaked curl acted as a loaded ink brush, spraying and splotching the clean blue and white of her dress. She cried and the teacher went into action with a switch.

Although my Becky Thatcher long ago forgot me and married some guy named Jones or McGillicuddy, my bid for fame was partially successful. Her mother still remembers me. ■



photograph by William Preston

Coast Guard Spare that Light— a one-picture story

THE STORY has all the elements of a children's tale. For thirty years the little red lighthouse stands on the Hudson River shore, warning ships off the shoals of Jeffrey's Hook. Then the great George Washington Bridge is built over it, and the warning lights are attached to the span.

Its eye put out, the lighthouse languishes, a model for artists and a plaything for children, until the Coast Guard offers it for sale because it is made of steel. Civic groups protest. Editorials are written. The citizenry is aroused. Then the Coast Guard backs down and offers the lighthouse as a gift.

Now it is safe in New York City's Fort Washington Park. The artists draw happily, and, when no one is looking, the children hop the fence, skin through a port hole and climb the circular staircase for the joy of it. ■

LAKE CHELAN —

Playground of the Inland Empire

by Richard L. Neuberger
photographs by Ray Atkeson

PACK YOUR KIT BAG and ride *Lady of the Lake* as she leaves the wooden wharf at the city of Chelan, near the center of the State of Washington, and commences her daily voyage to Stehekin Postoffice, fifty-five picturesque miles off to the north and west. A round-trip ticket costs \$5.50.

It is a journey which will transport the traveler from civilization to wilderness, from arid sagebrush to dense "rain forests," from gently-domed hills to peaks as sharp and jagged as a cougar's fangs.

Eye the hills from the deck and this is the pattern. Huge patches of green polka-dot the bare brown slopes. It is like a gigantic mosaic. The leafy orchards, with trees in neat rows, vary only in that one may be peaches, another pears or apples.

Lady of the Lake sets a nimble pace. She cruises at fourteen knots. Soon the villages and cottages and cases of fruit are left behind. The road which threads along the shore ends at 25-Mile Creek. The slopes stiffen into crags. The rounded hills become bold summits of rock and pine. Here and there at the water level, a flapping white flag tells that some lone settler has a letter to post or a grocery order to send to the store in Chelan. Perhaps the boat puts in on her own with mail to deliver.

But Lucerne requires no signal flag. *Lady of the Lake* always stops at Lucerne. Eleven miles back in the rugged mountains, at Holden Mine, men drill into shafts where copper, gold and silver concentrates lurk. This is the largest mine in Washington and 601 people live in the vicinity of the tunnel mouth. They know that the arrival of *Lady of the Lake* at Lucerne, far below, means mail and the daily supply of fresh food.

*Above right: Lake Chelan reaches fifty miles into the Cascade Mountains.
Below right: Snowcapped mountains dominate the scene at Stehekin's dock.*



Summer homes set amidst weeping willows on the lake shore→

A 1951 gray Ford pickup waits on the dock for this cargo, which a crane dextrously swings from boat to truckbed. No license plate hangs from the Ford, yet its operators are entirely within the law. The wide but breathtaking highway up Railroad Creek Gorge to the mine forms no part of the state road system. It was built by the Howe Sound Mining Company merely to serve Holden. Its sole connection with the outside world is via *Lady of the Lake* and the ore barges which ply the long, ruffled thoroughfare of Lake Chelan.

The Wapato Indians gave Lake Chelan its name. *Chelan* means "deep water" in Indian tongue, and this seems thoroughly believable as the trim boat moves on toward the end of the voyage. The tint of the lake is a misty blue-green and the eight-thousand-foot pinnacles on the shore add to the feeling that the lake bottom is very far, indeed.

Actually, the surface of Lake Chelan is 1,100 feet in elevation, but the floor of the lake is at least 400 feet below sea level! Even in the steep Pacific Northwest, a realm of Grand Canyons filled with snow-fed water, this is a startling depth.

Peer up from the uncovered stern deck of *Lady of the Lake* at McGregor Mountain. The guard watching for forest fires from that lofty eminence is 8,140 feet in the air. Combine this with the fact that the bottom of Lake Chelan is 400 feet lower than the level of the Pacific Ocean, and even the most amateur mathematician can discern that the lake occupies a chasm in the Cascade Range which at some points is well on toward two miles deep. This abyss, carved by a tremendous spear of ice in the glacial age, thus challenges all the celebrated canyons yet discovered.

The hammering of the twin diesel motors stops at Stehekin, four hours and fifteen minutes after *Lady of the Lake* put out from the city of Chelan. Only fifty-five miles have been traveled, but it could be half the circumference of the globe.

Annual rainfall is at least four times that at the lower end of the long, finger-like lake. Instead of scrawny sagebrush, lush ferns and huckleberry bushes shade the three-mile hike to Rainbow Falls. Creeks trill off every cliff. Mountains pocked with glaciers tower overhead. Even Lake Chelan, the immutable, has apparently changed.

Torrid Zone and Temperate Zone seem to divide the two

At Lucerne a Ford pick-up truck takes on mail and freight→



Autumn's artistry adds a new note of color around Lake Chelan→

areas, so near and yet so far. On occasion a difference of twenty degrees has been noted in the temperature of the water. *Lady of the Lake* begins her fifty-five-mile pilgrimage each morning in an atmosphere reminiscent of California's sun-baked San Joaquin Valley and turns around for the return voyage in a setting which invites comparison with the Canadian Rockies. Standard lake temperature just off the wharf at Chelan city (pop. 2,200) is 74 Fahrenheit. "You do the swimming yourself at the south end of the lake," explained Chet Ashmead, one of the owners of the Golden West Lodge at Stehekin. "Up at this end you let the fish do it."

But Lake Chelan proper will not take any trophies as a fishing mecca. However, it happens to be an excellent place to break in a newcomer to a rod's cork handle. The lake is popular with easy-to-catch silver trout.

The "big stuff" lies all around Lake Chelan, back in the snug fastnesses of the Cascade Mountains. At the extreme upper end of the lake, the Stehekin River is a challenge to any fly fisherman. This riffled stream rises near the British Columbia boundary and surges to Lake Chelan. Dolly Vardens up to fourteen pounds have been taken in the Stehekin.

Furthermore, so-called hanging valleys above the great abyss of Lake Chelan are dotted with small satellite lakes which the State Game Department has stocked generously. Domke Lake is a jewel among these. Vigorous, thrashing rainbows provide its dominant lure. Disembark from *Lady of the Lake* at Lucerne and trudge uphill for an hour on a safe mountain trail. The hike will take you to the timbered shores of Domke Lake.

Lake Chelan fits any degree of desire for roughing it. The tonneau tourist can loll at Campbell's or at any of the modern auto courts which dot the lower end of the lake. He can swim, golf and play tennis. The round trip to Stehekin on *Lady of the Lake* can be done between dawn and dusk of a single summer's day. While *Lady of the Lake* turns around at Stehekin, he can motor a few miles up the rushing Stehekin River in the 1935 Ford V-8 touring car which its owner, Curt Courtney, calls "the best jitney in the whole Cascade Range."

The camping fiend will find along Lake Chelan some of the Northwest's finest spots to pitch a tent or build a lean-to of fir boughs. ■

Domke Lake, a fisherman's paradise, nestles on a mountain bench→



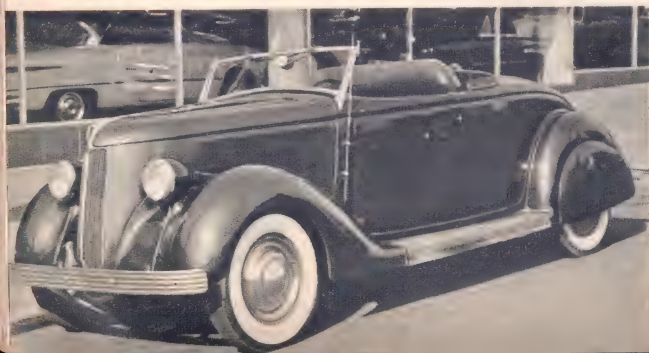


CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

NOT to be outdone by younger hot rodders, Will H. Dale of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, drives the 1932 V-8 coupe shown above. Describing it as a sports model car, Dale has made no major changes but installed a variety of brass and antique horns, four extra brass lights, a Duesenberg driving light on the rear bumper, and three copper tail pipes.

Bill Grader, of Seattle, Washington, started out with a 1936 Ford with a Mercury bore, installed two carburetors and an aluminum flywheel, special cam shaft, and a two-coil ignition. The roadster body, as pictured below, has a narrowed grill, glass-enclosed rear license plates and a windshield cut down 2½ inches. Airfoam seats are leather upholstered with high backs and head rests. Either door is opened by pushing an indented button which operates a solenoid that releases the latch. Safety belts and a duo instrument panel, including vacuum and tachometer gauges, are features of the conversion.

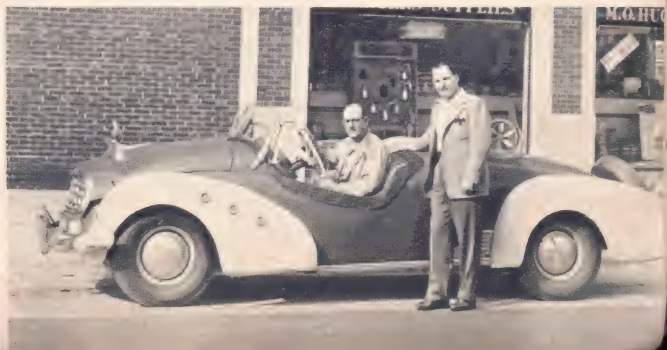




Grader has reached a speedometer speed of 114 mph in this job, doing better than 40 mph in first and 85 mph in second.

Shown in the picture above is a smooth-appearing light pickup truck converted for Henry Huth of Townsend, Montana, from a wrecked 1941 Ford Tudor. A Helena garage did the job by cutting off the top of the body behind the front seat. Metal was salvaged and reworked to form the welded cab back, and sheet metal forms the truck bed. The tailgate was constructed from the lower part of the trunk lid.

The conversion shown below was designed and built by Dell O'Neil who uses it in his auto thrill circus which is touring the country. He jumps the low slung speedster at high speed 118 feet from a ramp and over a large bus without any appreciable harm to the car. It contains parts from 26 different cars, but the basic components are from two 1949 Mercurys. The hood was fashioned from a salvaged auto trunk and the dashboard is a section from the top of a 1939 Ford with instruments set in the space formerly occupied by the rear window. The Mercury engine was equipped with a high speed cam, high compression heads, and a dual carburetor. The finished model has been clocked at 115 mph.





Historic Garden Week in Virginia

*by Mary R. Zimmer
paintings by Horace Day*

"THIS large pecan tree was planted by Major George Washington Lewis, from a nut brought to Marmion by his uncle, General Washington, who carried it here in his pocket from Mount Vernon . . ."

The serene voice of Mrs. R. Carter N. Grymes went on and on as we stood in the April sunlight in the yard at Marmion, looking up at the venerable tree just leafing out. We were a group of typical midwestern tourists who had come to Virginia for Historic Garden Week, skeptical by nature and especially hardened against the George-Washington-slept-here brand of historical folklore. But we listened to Mrs. Grymes' gentle monologue, and we believed.

Garden Week affects most visitors that way, we discovered. Perhaps it's because George Washington really did sleep here, and likely enough carried Mount Vernon pecans around in his pocket, as well. Or perhaps the event reflects the spontaneity and enthusiasm of the women who sponsor it, the members of The Garden Club of Virginia.

Each spring the Club invites the owners of 250-odd homes to open their houses and/or gardens to the public during the last week in April—this year April 26 through May 3. Many of the houses are historic; all of them are outstanding in architecture, interiors, or gardens. There are modest entrance fees, usually fifty cents for house or garden, a dollar for both.

Most of the homes and gardens featured during Garden Week are strictly private. It is only for these eight days that the carved wooden pineapple on the rooftop, which was the Colonial symbol of hospitality, takes on significance for outsiders. You cannot hope to visit all of them, for they are

←Above: Pansy garden at York Hall. Below: The dairy at Marmion.



scattered all over the state, separated by bridges, none-too-frequent ferries, and miles of looping back-country roads. However, they are easy to find, for the Club establishes information centers at strategic points and publishes a guidebook listing the principal attractions of each home. The State Highway Department helps by issuing a special edition of its highway map, showing exact Garden Week locations, and posting neat green-and-white directional signs on the highways.

What you see depends on what you most want to see, for there is something here for almost everyone. The gardens, of course, are the star attraction. Some of them actually date back to Revolutionary times, like the serene boxwood plots at Eyre Hall, an estate on the Eastern Shore. Others, like those at Morven in the Blue Ridge Mountains, have been minutely restored to eighteenth-century perfection. Still others, though fairly recent, have been faithfully designed in keeping with the style of the adjacent mansion; the formal garden at York Hall, in Yorktown, is a good example. Modern gardens are legion, and there are dozens of others with interesting specialties, such as daffodils, tulips, or azaleas.

Students of architecture can, if they wish, trace the progress of this art in Virginia. Berkeley, on the James River, represents the Early Georgian period; Edgemont was designed by Thomas Jefferson in the Palladian style which followed; Rose Hill is a comparatively recent home designed by William Lawrence Bottomley. The town of Staunton is noted for Greek Revival architecture, but Garden Week visitors are likely to lose their hearts to the wooden Gothic perfection of the Hunter home at 521 East Beverley.

History, of course, is inescapable. In Williamsburg, reconstructed buildings like the Governor's Palace bring the pages of your high school texts to life. At Westover, on the James, you can peer into secret underground passageways which assured escape in case of Indian attack. At Kenmore, the home of George Washington's sister, the face of Louis XIV in an elaborate ceiling is hailed as evidence of early Franco-American friendship.

But these are items for specialists. The Plain Joe Tourist may soon weary of detailed explanations of flying stairways, euonymous hedges, and corner quoinings. No matter: there's an abundance of literature to take home to read at leisure,

←Above: *Annefield* (not open in 1952). Below: *Wythe House, Williamsburg*.



and you can also buy a very useful book, "Homes and Gardens in Old Virginia," published under Garden Club auspices. Thus you are free to enjoy details that are inconsequential, but endearing.

Take Shirley, for instance, since 1723 home of the Carters, including Anne, the mother of Robert E. Lee. Its stately rooms are filled with portraits and furniture and antique silver that the Carters have owned and used for generations, and still do. Its lawn slopes gently down to the James, past an oak planted by the McGuffey who wrote the Readers. But what you remember afterward is the molded mantelpiece with an unusual oak-and-ribbon design, and the holes left where naughty little Carter boys of some generation past amused themselves on a rainy afternoon by digging out the acorns.

Or there's Little England in Gloucester County, officially described as an excellent example of the less pretentious, but still charming, early Virginia plantation home. It is acknowledged to have one of the finest paneled drawing rooms left in the state. But what sticks in your mind when you get back to Keokuk or Kalamazoo is the reeded newel post with the ivory inlay at the top which indicated that the house was paid for.

Or to go back to Marmion: its very layout is a treatise on the plantation life of the 1670's. The white Colonial house is balanced at the four corners by four separate dependencies: plantation office, smokehouse, kitchen, and dairy. Inside, Mrs. Grymes, who is the last of the Lewises, points out the original paneling, the corner fireplaces, the "Holy Lord" hinges, the crown glass windows set in heavy walnut sashes. But afterward you find yourself musing about the original flooring, secured by wooden pegs and now almost worn through. How many pairs of feet have shuffled and skipped and clumped and danced on those solid pine boards?

Or maybe you remember the pecan tree, as we do, and wonder about planting one of the nuts in your own yard. What a wonderful thing to raise a seedling from the tree that grew from a nut George Washington carried in his pocket!

That's what happens to skepticism, in April in the land where the wooden pineapple sprouts from the rooftop. ■

(For further information, address Mrs. Irving Matthews, Secretary, Historic Garden Week, Hotel Jefferson, Richmond, Va.)

←Above: Little England. Below: Chippendale gate, Stuart House, Staunton.



Springtime in Lake County

story and photographs by Harry De Lasaux

SPRING comes to Lake County, California, with almost overwhelming brilliance. In April or early May, depending on the weather, its hill-circled meadows suddenly brighten into patterns reminiscent of oil slick on wet asphalt: swirls of gold among patches of subtle blues and shining yellows, against a background of lush green (*below left*). Simultaneously, the redbud, a large tree-like shrub, bursts into a flame of cerise (*above left*). Small wonder that driving up to Lake County to see the flowers has become a springtime rite for Bay-area Californians.

There is probably no other spot in the state where such lavish displays of both wildflowers and redbud occur so conveniently for big-city populations. Lake County is only a two-hour drive north from San Francisco or Oakland. The display is right along the highway in an area ideal for picnicking and an afternoon of painting, picture-making or just lazy strolling. Many Californians take no chances on missing the annual show; they leave self-addressed postcards with a motel owner or storekeeper in Lake County, to be mailed to them when the flowers are at the peak of their beauty.

The jumping-off place is the town of Calistoga, which is about an hour's drive north of Vallejo. From here, take State Highway 53 to Middletown. You are now in the very midst of the wildflower-and-redbud country. Follow 53 to Clear Lake, called by more than one traveler, "the poor man's Lake Louise." Join Highway 20 and drive around the lake on the east side. Turn left on Highway 29 and come down the west side through Lakeport, then follow a side road to the very edge of Clear Lake, passing through Soda Bay.

It's an easy day's trip, and you'll never forget the pyrotechnics of springtime in Lake County.



Return of the Pilgrims

by Robely D. Snively, as told to Richard W. Hatch

photographs by Robely D. Snively

I HAVE no quarrel with the wily watcher of wild bird life, but I think he is passing up something special if he doesn't watch barnyard geese—especially the Pilgrim strain.

That curious, durable bird has been domesticated, to be sure, but his spirit is untamed. He has lived with man for thousands of years, but he still retains his keen senses, his intelligence, his pride and loyalty, his strict regard for social values. Watch him as he

stalks your property (he considers it as his own)—handsome, head high, keen eye alert, even challenging, he inspects ceaselessly. Watch him five minutes and you know he is a character in his own right. He loves company, human company in particular, and conversation is his long suit. On evenings when the windows are open, my wife and I must talk in whispers or every goose on the place will join in.

The goose has a rigid social

code. Step out and he will address you politely; strangers, instantly detected, must first be properly introduced. His own property must be left where he wants it. Move Madam Goose's nest three feet and she will not only protest while you're doing it, but will proceed to lay eggs on the bare ground until you set things right.

Put out any new object, a tin can or a rolling chaise longue, and a goose will appear promptly to inspect it. He'll note if you change your clothes or if your slip shows, and he'll tell you about it.

But don't expect a goose to cringe or fawn upon you for favors, or to be fondled. Sentiment is beneath his dignity.

And don't put any stock in the common notion that the goose is a mental defective. The misguided individual who coined the phrase "silly as a goose" could not have known the bird well, except possibly as served on a platter.

Consider the many capabilities of the goose. For one thing, this watchful bird appoints himself guardian of all that is yours. He will recognize the sound of your car before it appears, and will wait to greet you at your regular stopping place. He will cock an eye skyward and signal the approach of a plane long before you hear it. And all is accomplished with a certain inimitable style.

The goose understands you. He answers to his name and comes to your call. Our geese were warned to stay out of the garden, and now

when they sneak in occasionally, thinking we're busy, one sharp rap on the window sends them off instantly—with dignity, and with the offended air of one who has strayed purely by accident.

For self-protection a goose is well-equipped with universal joints in his neck and serrated edges on a beak that is meant for business. Ezra, our senior gander, can hang onto a piece of cloth (such as he may find at the seat of a stranger's pants) and will be lifted from the ground without losing grip. But geese don't bite, as some people think. They merely pinch. If a person is torn trying to pull away, you can't blame the goose.

Against marauders of the animal world, the goose guards himself with bone-edged wings kept constantly in a cocked position. When the hair trigger is released, the wings snap out and back again to re-cock with a speed the eye cannot follow and a report like a pistol shot. In this instant, he deals a terrific blow.

Not the least of his fine points is his durability. The goose is a rugged bird. In the first place, he comes from a tough egg. For example, one of our females, Hortense, a bird that appreciates a good view, nested last year on top of a stone wall. Every day or so she would stand up and drop a heavy egg a distance of nine inches onto a granite boulder, with no evident harm done to the egg. A gosling has to be a tough baby to break out of a shell like that.

Once on his feet, the young goose may pretend to be fully domesticated and will admire the buildings on his property, but he won't sleep in them—if he ever does sleep. And a blizzard is nothing. In below-zero weather he simply tucks his head beneath his wing and lets the elements rage. Snow and ice will cover him before he finally seeks shelter.

What's more he scorns disease. Give your gosling warmth and chick feed for a few weeks, then turn him loose. He'll satisfy his endless appetite with grass, and will go on living and fascinating you for the next forty or fifty years.

And fascinate is the word. Every goose has a personality. Everything he does, whether guarding your property or mowing your lawn, he does with a manner.

If you want to watch the most remarkable of birds, there is no need to make a safari into wild places armed with costly binocu-



lars. Get yourself a pair of geese, and put them into your own back yard. Then relax, and watch. ■





"Why don't you rest, dear, and I'll drive for a while?"



Little Fish . . . Big Crowds

story and photographs by Don Harger

FOR its size, the tiny smelt of the Northwest has a greater drawing power than any of the other fish found in the area.

Nearly every year in late March or early April, Troutdale, Oregon, only fifteen miles from downtown Portland, plays host to thousands of dippers. Merchants line the sidewalks in front of their stores with long-handled dip nets for rent.

From the old highway bridge on the edge of town downstream about one mile to the new highway bridge, thousands of excited people line the rocky banks of the Sandy River, armed with the long-handled nets. Spectators lean, elbow to elbow, over the bridge railings yelling directions as to where a school of smelt may be heading, or howling with glee when some unfortunate slips and goes into the icy water over his ears.

The elusive smelt failed to appear at all in 1950 and in 1951 the run lasted only two days before it began to fade away and disappear. During those two days, however, the Oregon Game Commission sold approximately 20,000 sports licenses. Each dipper is allowed fifty pounds in his or her possession. Many of the dippers this year failed to score and were forced to purchase a few smelt from commercial fishermen or go home empty handed. A few who dipped throughout the night by the light of bonfires filled their tubs.

In years gone by, before the modern era thrust the long-handled, ready-made dip net into the hands of nearly everyone, people could be seen dipping with everything, literally, from bird cages to ladies' silk stockings fastened to long poles. Pots, pans and straw hats dipped and came up with smelt.

According to fisheries experts the smelt runs are not nearly so great as they were a few years ago. The smelt dippers, however, are certainly not on the way out. As long as smelt runs continue in the Sandy River there will be thousands of eager followers, young and old, ready to bear nets at the first signs of this tiny invader from the sea. Speculation and enthusiasm are running high for 1952. ■



A Sample of May in the Smokies

by Mary Richards

paintings by George Cress and Joseph H. Cox

ON MAY 1 there will convene in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, a motley assemblage which, if it were not so intent on its mission, might well elect to call itself the Order of the Fringed Phacelia.

The phacelia, as any back-yard botanist knows, is a small native herb that grows wild over much of the country. As an individual the fragile white blossom is rather straggly and unimpressive; en masse, it is a drift of new-fallen snow, gently white against the pastels of spring. In the Smokies it grows with special vigor and beauty, as is the habit of wild-flowers there, thanks to good soil and abundant rainfall. Hence these pilgrims.





John C. Brown 1914

"Sir! Your foot is on a violet!"

Schoolteachers, students, housewives, honeymooners, tourists, retired couples, businessmen, stenographers, youngsters, botanists—they're all represented. Like the phacelia, they may not be particularly ostentatious as individuals, but together they are a purposeful little Order, welded together by a common zeal: to See and Enjoy Wildflowers, and if possible find a few new ones. They come to Gatlinburg for the Annual Wildflower Pilgrimage, an event initiated last year under the triple sponsorship of the University of Tennessee, the National Park Service, and the Gatlinburg Chamber of Commerce.

On Thursday evening, May 1, the pilgrims will convene for illustrated talks by botanists, and to get acquainted with each other and the score of field trips scheduled for the next two days. They pay no fees; everything is free except meals and lodging, gasoline and shoe leather.

For two days earnest little groups of twenty or so will set out on foot or on wheels for destinations like Cades Cove, Laurel Falls, Huskey Gap, Clingman's Dome, and Willy Myers' Fittyfied Spring (now it bubbles, now it's dry). They will revel in a profusion of trailing arbutus, miniature iris, trilliums (five varieties!), showy orchis, birdsfoot violets and some 200 others—including, of course, the fringed phacelia.

On these trips the Order will break unobtrusively into its natural divisions. As to raincoats, for

example, there will be the Always-Prepared, virtuously lugging a sticky mass of plastic up the mountainsides; the I-Left-It-in-the-Car's; and the Old Timers who can shrug off a shower until the sun dries them out again.

As to lunches: there will be the Earnest Ascetics who are too heavily loaded with cameras, light meters, notebooks, and binoculars to tote more than a thin cheese sandwich and an anemic pickle; the Provident, who chomp down what appears to be a whole roast chicken; and the Ever-Thirsty, who will fortify themselves with several bottles of pop and be dismayed to find that the park ranger expects them to carry the empties back to civilization.

As to zeal: there will be the Newcomer, who touts his finds loudly; the Serious Botanist, who notes his silently; the Laggard, who slumps down on every available stump; the Professional Nature Lover who poses grandly as he admires a Perfect Specimen of Dogwood; and the Energetic Little Woman who doesn't hesitate to tell him indignantly, "Sir! Your foot is on a violet!"

They'll all be there, wearing the invisible badge of the fringed phacelia. Many people belong to this gentle Order without being aware of it, for it has no roster, no dues, no initiation rites. If you are one of them, come down to Gatlinburg on the first day of May this year. But bring your raincoat and your lunch. ■



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Rodeo Home on Wheels

by Geneva J. Yockey

photographs by Forrest Yockey

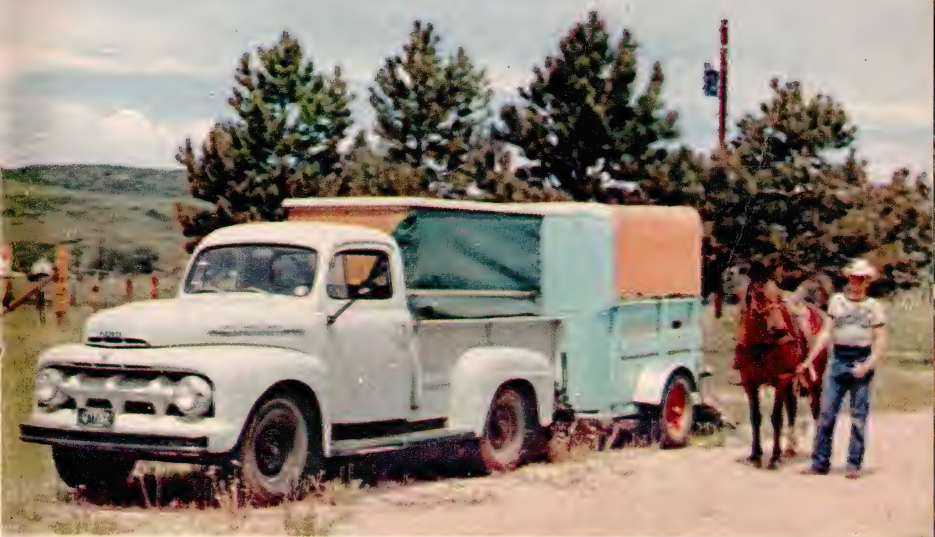
PLAYING the rodeo circuit is about as tough a profession as anybody can choose. Riding bucking broncs and wild Brahmas is rigorous enough, but the long distances which performers must travel between daily shows are equally fatiguing.

Darrell Bell of Larkspur, Colorado, who began roping and riding eleven years ago when he was only sixteen, discovered early in his career that the performers who show a profit when the summer is over are the ones who can hit the most shows in the short season. His transportation problem was further complicated when he began to specialize in calf roping. This pays better and is less dangerous than other rodeo acts, but it has the disadvantage that the performer must always bring along his own horse.

Recently Darrell solved these problems by acquiring a specially built portable house unit and a horse trailer, both of which fit his 1951 Ford pickup and are interchangeable (*above right*). The house unit can also be mounted on the trailer running gear. Now, when he hits the rodeo trail, Darrell can take along either his house or his horse, or both.

The house unit provides complete living quarters for Darrell, his wife, and two youngsters. In transit, the awning-style roof folds down flush, forming a compact unit within highway regulations. When the house is in use, the roof and sides are jacked upward and outward with a windlass mechanism (*below right*).

"With my little outfit I can move quickly, and take in more shows than the other fellows," Darrell says. "I get plenty of sleep, enjoy home-cooked meals, and bring my family along for moral support. These are the things that make the difference when you're following a game where a fraction of a second decides whether you go into debt or show a nice profit for your season's work."



Above right: River and lake meet near the Detroit Yacht Club.

Below right: Springfed Orchard Lake, with Cass Lake beyond.

Fishin's Good in Detroit

by Franklin M. Reck

photographs by John Calkins

THE LOCAL WELDER, known in the village as "the guide," is a man of few words. He calls you up and the conversation goes like this:

"Frank? . . . Earl . . . Bass are hitting flies. Be ready at six." You: "What'll I bring?" He: "Nothing. Got everything. Goodby."

He calls at six, the car filled with tackle, aluminum canoe on top, and most important of all the kind of popper, hula dancer, or hair mouse that will appeal to bass on that particular night. He takes you out over country roads, through a farmer's lane, over a pasture, down to the borders of a lake without a name. Two minutes after your boat is in the water a two-pound largemouth is dancing at the end of your leader.

The point of this story is that the lake just mentioned is about an hour and a half west of Detroit. It's just one of hundreds of such lakes, all within easy reach of Detroit, all dug by the ice age and filled with fish for the benefit of anglers.

As a contrast to the glacial pond sunk in the farmer's south forty, take Wampler's Lake in the Irish Hills. Here the cottages literally rub eaves all round the four-mile shore line. Yet year in, year out, this heavily fished lake yields the most and best-tasting panfish in the Detroit area.

For those citizens who harbor the dream that they're smarter than fish, Detroit's strategic advantage is that it sits right on the borderland where cold-water and warm-water species mingle and thrive. The Land of Trout, with its piney woods and cold streams and lakes, reaches to the suburbs.

That's on Detroit's inland side. Bordering it to the east and reaching both north and south is the Big Water. Here are the Detroit and St. Clair rivers connecting the fresh-water seas of Lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, where muskies, wall-eyes, northern pike, small mouth bass, herring, perch, lake



trout, whitefish, channel cat, white bass, calico bass, sheepshead, and sturgeon live in careless profusion. It's a fine situation for a man with tackle.

One of the most concentrated fishing regions anywhere is Lake St. Clair, which begins almost in Detroit's downtown area and runs twenty-five miles north. Lining the lake and the river are cottages and boat liveries—forty-four liveries in a ten-mile stretch. Jack Beamish takes you in his twenty-five-foot boat down the St. Clair River, dodging the ten-thousand-ton freighters that ply between Duluth and the steel mills. On the way to the red lighthouse known as the Firecracker, which marks the open water of the lake, you pass some of the most esoterically elaborate and ritualistic fishing ever devised by fishermen and tackle manufacturers.

Take yonder launch, trolling slowly downstream. The two men sitting in the stern have no rods. Instead they have large automatic reels screwed to the gunnels. Copper wire extends from the reels into the water. Down below, a pound-and-a-quarter weight bumps along the bottom. Ten inches up from the bottom a leader is attached to the wire and at the end of the leader is a jumping jack plug festooned with worms. Just twenty-six inches higher up is another leader, this one ending in a McGinty.

This kind of fishing is known as bottom bumping, and when a three-pound wall-eye agitates the rig the fisherman hauls the wire in hand over hand. The automatic reel sucks in the wire, thus preventing snarls in the bottom of the boat.

Across the mouths of the rivers that enter Lake St. Clair, cruisers, charter boats and plain rowboats troll for muskellunge. Few of them use live bait. Instead they employ intricate, fearsome and flamboyant artificial lures costing from two to five dollars apiece, but neither cost nor complexity makes any difference to the muskie fisherman, who is no more responsible for his behavior than a Florida bonefisherman or a Cape Cod striped bass addict.

The muskies and wall-eyes run to good size in these waters. In the 1951 tournaments, the prize muskie was forty-four inches long and weighed thirty-six pounds. The winning wall-eye scaled nine pounds one ounce.



Anywhere in these parts you're likely to meet Conservation Officer Melvin Berry, checking the catches.

"Few violators," he reports, "but they sure get the wall-eyes here. The limit is ten and I just arrested a man with sixty-three!"

Bringing brook, brown and rainbow trout almost into Detroit's suburbs was an idea that occurred to state conservationists during the war, when gas rationing prevented trips to northern Michigan. Last year they stocked scores of lakes with rainbows—lakes cold enough and with sufficient depth and feed to support a permanent rainbow population. Twenty of these lakes are within forty miles of downtown Detroit.

Perhaps the most unique experiment of all is the trout pond. In a number of naturally wild recreation areas such as Waterloo and Bald Mountain, the department took advantage of flowing wells and springs to dig ponds and stock them twice a year. These ponds are remote and the setting is wild and no road signs point to their locations. The idea is to let the fishermen discover them. The limit is two trout a day and only artificial flies may be used.

A drive around Detroit's outskirts on a summer Sunday convinces one that there's as much bridge fishing here as in Florida. The canepole brigade festoons every rail and some stay all night. A convenient bridge rail, a pole, a pipe, and a bottle of beer are the charms by which thousands of Detroiters find release from whatever it is that bothers humans.

On all these waters, large and small, the fishing doesn't stop with the coming of the freeze. For most Detroit anglers, ice spuds and caps with ear flaps are standard equipment.

The truth is that the ice age gave Detroiters this abundance and variety of angling opportunity. Just beyond the flat plains of the city the glacier gouged holes for lakes, laid down sand and boulders in a manner that assured sinkholes and underground rivers, and left blocks of ice that created little Arctic rings of tamarack and spruce bordering hidden ponds. And somewhere in the centuries, after the glaciers receded into northern Quebec, came fish.

With some help from the conservation department they're still here, all around the edges of the world's greatest mass-production city—much to the delight of folks with tackle. ■

Some of these muskie lures are eight inches long→



Cornwall, Connecticut

by Dorothy Van Doren
paintings by Lester Beall

PEOPLE who drive northward into Connecticut along one of the pleasant roads that lead to Cornwall will come to a place where the highway, coursing along through a meadow-like stretch of country, suddenly makes a sharp turn for no other reason than to skirt a huge, old maple tree.

This sets the tone. Is there any better reason for the driver to slow down and turn with caution than the preservation of a beautiful tree? Here, confronting you with a superficial inconvenience, is an act of faith and a moment of beauty.

Thus you are on the road to Cornwall, Connecticut, in the northwest corner of the state, settled in 1738, population now and a hundred years ago around a thousand. Less beautiful than Litchfield, less enterprising than Torrington, less genteel than Sharon, Cornwall has a quality all its own.

Is it the well-known people in Cornwall? There is James Thurber, of *The New Yorker* and Walter Mitty. His sight is hopelessly bad, so that he cannot see the Cornwall hills in autumn, or see spring coming with the marsh marigolds in the damp woods; yet in his mind's or his heart's eye he has seen enough of Cornwall to buy a big white house there and settle in it for his permanent home.

There is Lewis Gannett of the *New York Herald Tribune* book column. He and his wife Ruth, devoted week-end gardeners, have made the hillside behind their house in Cornwall a wild flower and rock garden that people by the dozens come to see every spring. There is Henry Canby of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the Book-of-the-Month Club. He came for a weekend with Carl Van Doren nearly thirty years ago. By Sunday afternoon he was negotiating to buy the hilltop that has become the Yelping Hill Association.

Like other New England towns we have our lions, and we



have our architecture, too. Cornwall has one of the few surviving Christopher Wren steeples in the country, the North Cornwall Church, standing white and slender on the edge of a hay meadow that is filled in June with daisies and wild iris. The "street" in Cornwall Plains, shaded by tall elms, is lined on both sides with white houses which need not be ashamed to represent New England architecture. One of the white houses is now painted barn red, a caprice of the doctor's wife, who decided the town ought to have a change. There was a good deal of protest, but after all she owned the house. New England may grumble, but it respects the rights of property. And the red house strikes a happy note in the white row.

North of Cornwall Plains are the Cathedral Pines, a grove of first-growth giants, white pine and hemlock, that were standing when the town was founded two centuries ago. You can lie on the thick soft bed of needles and look up and up along the mast-straight trunks two hundred feet to white clouds crossing the summer blue.

It should be evident by now that there is more than one Cornwall—in fact there are eight. The southernmost stop on the railroad is Cornwall Bridge—bridge, indeed, because the high arch and the concrete highway it bears completely dwarf the little town. Only when you have driven under the bridge and around and down do you come on the Catholic church, for instance, with its wonderful gingerbread carving. We spent an evening on a lawn just above the river once in Cornwall Bridge; there was a moon and a heavy mist and through the fog we could see the lights of the train making strange angles on the water.

West Cornwall is the next station, the trading center where we buy meat and every sort of fancy food in and out of season, although we remember the time when the only winter vegetables were turnips and carrots and potatoes and maybe beans. West Cornwall has its own bridge, but it is neither concrete nor high; on the contrary, it is one of the last covered bridges in New England, built of honest pine planks that do not shake even when trucks roll over them. Once a summer the whole town comes out for a rousing square dance on the bridge floor.

South Cornwall is hardly more than a name now. North Cornwall defies geography by being in the middle of the town and it has one of the oldest Cornwall families, the Golds, five generations of whom have gone to Yale and come back to farm the family place. Cornwall Center, where the parade ground



Robert Rauschenberg



was located in Revolutionary days, overlooks the neat farms of the Great Valley. Cornwall Plains we have already noted; East Cornwall lies in the direction of Litchfield, and is celebrated for College Street, the name of its main thoroughfare, one of the original roads that were taxed to help support Yale College. And that leaves us

Cornwall Hollow on the northern edge, which used to have its mill and church and school and general store and is now a sleepy cup that holds the farms of half a dozen New Yorkers, including ours.

Cornwall's places are picturesquely named: Yelping Hill, perhaps from the foxes that used to bark there; Cream Hill, where the late Carl Van Doren's house stands and where his grandchildren still happily play all summer; cone-shaped Cobble, which old man Dibble used to plow with a team of oxen all the way to the top, swearing so loud he could be heard at the bottom; there is Hautboy Hill, the Barracks, Tarrydiddle; there is the Dark Entry, romantic and mysterious. The origin of these names is mostly lost in the past. Somebody tried to bowdlerize Tarrydiddle into Tower Dale, but it didn't stick. The Cornwallers rejected the meaningless literary name in favor of the equally meaningless traditional one.

The local legends of Cornwall are many and typical: Two sisters lived for forty years in their father's house and never spoke a word to one another. Why? Because one of them had married the hired man and the other considered the marriage beneath the family dignity. The married couple walked to church every Sunday and twenty feet behind them scurried the spinster sister, pretending they were not there.

A brother and sister figure in another story; they farmed the family place together, but he rashly brought home a bride one day without asking his sister's permission. Tall and handsome, the outraged sister towered with folded arms over the little wife while she ate, refusing to sit at table, never taking her eyes off the eater. Justice has been done, however, for the tall sister has been dead a quarter of a century and the little wife, long since a widow, continued to take her walk past the church and around the corner every sunny morning until her death

the other day at the age of ninety.

There is old Shel (for Shelly) Tate, who lives alone in a one-room shack with his dogs and his gun. There is Mrs. Percy Lake, who had her fifteenth child at the ripe old age of thirty-nine and has given the girls romantic names like Phyllis and Beatrice and Clare. There is big, red-headed Comfort Starr, who recently married little Cherry Pond.

If you come driving up to our section of Connecticut, let me tell you that our back roads offer a tremendous number of opportunities to get lost. I have known of residents of ten years' standing who have become completely and happily bewildered by the turns and forks within fifteen miles of home. The rewards of getting lost are great—narrow roads winding on high ridges, sudden turns over little brooks, all manner of pastoral surprises.

Here is another aspect of country driving in our neighborhood: the many ancient automobiles on the roads, with their brass gleaming merrily and their driver and passengers decked out in linen dusters, goggles and wide linen caps. Maybe this is just a little too quaint, but it's fun, anyway, and it goes beautifully with our kind of scenery.

In politics, Cornwall is soundly Republican, although we minority Democrats are politely tolerated. Several of the candidates for local offices are regularly nominated by both parties. About ten years ago two Socialist votes were cast in the town; this caused comment that lasted from election day to well after Thanksgiving.

Just another New England town? It may be. Yet the Cornwallers, both native and "summer people," don't think so. The people are friendly, the children swim in Cream Hill Lake all the long summer days and ski down Mohawk Mountain in snow time. We close up the house every fall with regret and along in March we can hardly wait for the spring weekend that will take us, possibly bending around the maple tree, back to Cornwall again. ■





Montana's Bitterroot

by Glenn Chaffin

photographs by Ernst Peterson

IN THE SUMMER of 1806 Captain Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expeditions, reached a valley in western Montana where he found the Flathead Indians busily digging up quantities of a small plant with an exquisitely-colored flower. The root of this plant, he learned, had been a food delicacy among western Indians for as long as legend had recorded their way of life. "Spitlem," or "spatlem," they called it, and hospitably they urged him to taste it.

Captain Lewis nibbled one of the straggly, fibrous roots, made a wry face, and hastily assured the Flatheads that they had named their favorite dish well. However, he was enchanted with the beauty of the plant, and noted that the bench-lands and gravel bars of the valley were carpeted with its blossoms, ranging from rose through varying shades of pink to almost white. For want of a better name, he recorded the area in his journal as "the valley of the bitter roots."

Since then, botanists have officially designated the plant as *Lewisia redivia*, the first word honoring Captain Lewis and the second meaning "lives again," for dried bitterroots, stored away for many years, have been replanted and grown successfully. Map-makers liked his colorful term, and gave it to the sparkling river which flows through the valley. Later, foresters applied it to a nearby range of mountains.

The bitterroot became Montana's state flower by unanimous vote of the Legislature in 1895. It still flourishes along the bench-lands of the valley, although the great fields of it that once grew on the bottom land have yielded to the progress of agriculture.

Small parties of Indians from the Flathead Reservation near

*Above left: Tourists enjoy watching the Indians harvest bitterroot.
Below left: The bitterroot blossom is Montana's official flower.*

Arlee make annual spring pilgrimages to the Bitterroot Valley to gather these roots for food, camping near Hamilton. Last June my wife and I watched two Indian women, Mrs. Katherine Pelcher and her daughter Sadie, digging the roots, using old-fashioned iron diggers with T-bar handles and curved, pointed ends. For the first time, although my family has lived in Montana for three generations, I learned how the Indians prepare "spatlem."

First they peel the tough brown rind from the root, usually with their sharp, pointed fingernails, although some use paring knives. They break open the bulb part of the root, removing the red heart, which resembles a small concentration of paprika. This, Mrs. Pelcher told us, takes most of the bitter out of the bitterroot, although many Indians prefer the acrid flavor. Later the roots are dried and stored, providing a food supply that keeps for years.

Most Indians boil the roots before eating them, although they can be eaten raw. I bit into one and heartily agreed with Captain Lewis. The Indians are on safe ground here. This is one thing the white man will never take away from them. ■

Indian women teach Gail Peterson how to make "spatlem."





Private Hill for Testing Fords

THE CAR above paused for its portrait near the top of a tremendous hill built of blast furnace slag on Ford Motor Company's test track in Dearborn, Michigan. The hill, into which went 116,000 tons of slag, is used to test Ford cars and trucks, and Lincolns and Mercurys. Engineers driving up the steep grade can give a revealing workout to conventional and automatic transmissions, foot and hand brakes, carburetion, bumper clearance, and any other factors affected by driving up a high grade. The grade shown is 17 per cent, meaning that it rises seventeen feet for every 100 horizontal feet. This is tough climbing for any car, but for really severe testing the cars are started from a standstill at the bottom of the opposite side of the hill, up a 30 per cent grade. The 30 per cent grade was made to approximate San Francisco's famed Filbert Street, considered the steepest thoroughfare in the country and long a favorite with test engineers. ■



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Thar She Blows!

photograph by Hal Nielson

IN the picture on the opposite page is the largest ship model in the world—a far cry from delicate little boats in bottles. From flying jib to spanker boom she measures eighty-nine feet; her mainmast is fifty feet high. She is exactly half the size of the ship on which she was modeled—the bark *Lagoda* of the New England whaling fleet.

The model is in the Bourne Whaling Museum of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and her statistics are interesting in other ways. For example, she is fitted out as if ready to cast off for a whaling voyage, and every part of her, from figurehead to stern, was fashioned at half-scale with absolute fidelity to detail.

To visitors, the Bourne Museum will bring to mind a great day in American seamanship, an age that inspired one of the masterworks of the English language, *Moby Dick*, the book to which one turns inevitably for information on whaling. Herman Melville wrote in it:

“We whalemens of America now outnumber all the rest of the banded whalemens of the world; sail a navy of upwards of seven hundred vessels; manned by eighteen thousand men.” This vast fleet was in its glory from 1820 to 1860, sailing almost entirely out of New Bedford and Nantucket, and leading Melville to say that its captains accomplished feats of heroism unmatched in the history of the sea.

The *Lagoda* was owned by Jonathan Bourne, Jr., one of the most successful of New Bedford’s whaling merchants, and the museum was given in his memory by his daughter, Miss Emily H. Bourne.

Elsewhere in the museum, which is on Johnny Cake Hill, are models of many other ships; a cooper shop, where casks were made; a sail loft; a riggers’ loft; the gear and tools of whaling; and examples of scrimshaw work, the unique carving done by whalemens to take up time on long voyages.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Rowell's Inn, Vermont

Cabbage Salad

1 two-pound cabbage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt
Mayonnaise

Chop cabbage with two-bladed hand chopper until quite fine. Stir in garlic salt and enough mayonnaise to make creamy.

Rowell's Cottage Cheese

1 pound dry cottage cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic salt
Mayonnaise

Stir garlic salt into cottage cheese and then blend in enough mayonnaise to make it creamy.

For the past forty-one years the Rowell family has operated this country hotel on State Highway 11 in Simonsville. Open from the first of May to the first of November, it serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner and late supper until 11:00 p.m. every day. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.

←painting of Rowell's Inn by Marjorie Heilman

←painting of Molly Pitcher Hotel by Clara Kastner

Molly Pitcher Hotel, New Jersey

Chicken Stew Home Style

5 pound chicken, quartered
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, melted
1 cup flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomatoes
8 ounces white wine
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 pound mushrooms, sautéed
3 carrots
 $\frac{1}{4}$ stalk celery
2 large onions

Cover chicken with water in a deep pan. Add onions, celery, carrots, salt and pepper. Simmer for three hours or until tender. Remove chicken and strain broth. Return broth to fire and cook

down to half original amount. Mix flour in butter and add to broth. Stir in wine, mushrooms and tomatoes. Replace chicken. Serve with dumplings.

A little more than an hour's ride from New York City, this quiet hotel is popular both as a restful vacation spot and an interesting stop for a meal. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. On State Highway 35 at Red Bank.



Carroll's White House, Minnesota

Apple Torte

1 egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup apples, sliced
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
Pinch salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnut meats, chopped

Beat egg lightly, add sugar and apple slices. Then stir in remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour into greased pie tin and bake in 325° oven for 25 minutes. Serve topped with whipped cream.

Owners of this seventy-four-year-old inn overlooking Lake Shady in Oronoco grow all of their own vegetables and fruits in the adjoining gardens. Russell and Gertrude Carroll run this establishment, which is open from 5:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. on weekdays, and on Sundays from 12:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. Open April 1 to January 2.

←painting of Carroll's White House by James F. Heinlen

←painting of Old Trading Post by Jesse Beard Rickly

Old Trading Post and Inn, Missouri

Persimmon Pudding

$1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of persimmons
2 eggs, well beaten
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup honey
1 pint milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
Ground cinnamon and nutmeg, to taste
Flour

Mash and rub persimmons through a coarse sieve or fine colander. To this add egg, honey, milk, butter cut in small pieces, seasoning and enough flour to make batter stiff. Bake in moderately hot oven.

At Second and Merchant in historic Ste. Genevieve, this inn has retained much of the atmosphere of pioneer days. Guests may visit the actual trading post behind the inn where the French bartered with the Indians. Serving hours from noon to 2:00 p.m. and from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. every day except Friday. Sundays from noon to 7:00 p.m. Open April 1 to December 1.



High Hampton Inn, North Carolina

Cream Style Fresh Corn

2 quarts fresh corn, grated
8 tablespoons butter
2-3 cups whole milk
Salt, to taste

Grate fresh sweet corn a little older than desired for eating on the cob. Melt butter in large deep skillet, then add corn. Cook over medium or low heat, stirring constantly to keep from sticking. Add milk to prevent too much thickening. When corn tastes as if starch is cooked remove from stove. Season to taste. Serves six.

Surrounded by over 2000 acres of mountain park, this restful vacation spot offers a variety of activities for the whole family as well as excellent meals for the passing motorist. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations necessary for overnight accommodations. It is two miles from the intersection of U. S. 64 and State Highway 107 at Cashiers. Open from May 25 to October 20.

← painting of High Hampton Inn by Corydon Bell

← painting of Paso Robles Inn by Art Riley

Paso Robles Inn, California

Baked Pork Chop Arabian Style

4 thick loin pork chops
1 medium size onion, sliced
1 medium size tomato, sliced
1 medium size bell pepper
1 cup wild rice, cooked
4 slices cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons fat
Salt and pepper, to taste

Season chops, then put a slice of tomato on each one, followed by a layer of wild rice (ordinary rice may be substituted), sliced onion and green pepper. Bake in 300-325° oven for two hours. Then

top each chop with a slice of cheese and leave in oven until cheese melts and runs over the sides. Serves four.

Situated midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco on U. S. 101, this inn at Paso Robles is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Reservations necessary for overnight accommodations.

Where Is It?

See if you can identify the six states described below. You may even find your "home state" among them. It's fair to use a map to help refresh your memory. Answers on page 63.



1 Apache State

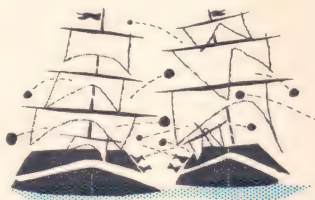
The Apaches prevented much early settlement of this state . . . once occupied by a civilization of cliff dwellers . . . became a separate territory in 1863 . . . achieved statehood in 1912 . . . early explorers expected to find the Seven Cities of Cibola there . . . attracts tourists for both summer and winter vacations . . . home of one-seventh of the nation's Indians . . . largest industry is the smelting and refining of copper . . . U. S. 66, 89 and 70 are main highways.



2 Ozark State

Located in the center of America's agricultural area . . . Ste. Genevieve, established in 1732, was

the first permanent settlement made within this state's boundary . . . largest producer of corn cob pipes in the world . . . its flower is the hawthorn . . . popular vacation state especially with fishermen . . . noted for the number and quality of the mules it raises . . . U. S. 66, 40 and 50 among the major highways coursing through this state.



3 "Old Dirigo"

Giovanni da Verrazano was the first explorer on this coast in 1524 . . . saw the first naval battle of the Revolution in Machias Bay . . . takes in an annual haul of over two million dollars' worth of fish . . . one of the nation's most popular summer resorts . . . the white pine cone is its official flower . . . U. S. 1, 2 and 201 will take you there . . . a portion of its territory dubbed the "Potato Empire" . . . its most important mineral is granite.



4 Star of the North

Boasts the leading flour milling city of the world . . . over half its land area devoted to farming . . . its numerous lakes afford excellent vacation spots . . . noted also for its winter sports areas . . . 60 per cent of the iron ore produced in the country comes from there . . . two national forests, the Chippewa and the Superior, have been established to preserve and increase the lumber supply . . . U. S. 2, 12 and 16 form part of its highway network.



5 Empire State of the South

The Mound Builders were the first known settlers in this area . . . its most valuable crop is cotton, with corn, tobacco, peanuts, sweet potatoes and peaches ranking next . . . has both summer and winter

resorts . . . here the Appalachian mountain system ends . . . DeSoto and his men passed through here on their gold hunt in 1540 . . . first steamboat to cross the Atlantic left from one of its ports . . . follow U. S. 27, 41, 1 or 25.



6 The Beaver State

First real exploration of this area was in 1805 when Lewis and Clark arrived . . . salmon its most important sea food . . . noted for its hunting and fishing areas . . . the Cascade Mountains divide the state into two distinct regions . . . Mount Hood the highest elevation . . . its chief industries stem from agriculture and stock raising . . . possesses more virgin timber than any other state . . . U. S. 395, 28 and 20 are main roads.

ANSWERS

Where Is It?

1. Arizona
2. Missouri
3. Maine
4. Minnesota (Minneapolis, flour mill)
5. Georgia
6. Oregon

Contributors



An authoritative opinion on geese (see page 26) is given by **ROBELY D. SNIVELY**, whose farm at Colrain, Massachusetts, in the Berkshires, is inhabited by geese of the Pilgrim breed, so named because their ancestry has been traced to flocks raised by New England's first settlers. A great advantage in raising Pilgrims is that the ganders and geese are readily distinguishable, even when only a day old. This is not true of other breeds, in which the geese themselves make mistakes. Thus Pilgrims are never neurotics, and are much easier to live with. Bob Snively and his wife have been living with them ever since they gave up teaching jobs at the Bement School, a school for boys and girls in Deerfield, Massachusetts. They have sold their products to Ohio State University, which has been carrying on serious research on geese.

From the experience of many summers in northwestern Connecticut, **DOROTHY VAN DOREN** writes with love and authority of her favorite town, Cornwall (page 44). She is married to Mark Van Doren, teacher and poet, and their old farm in Cornwall Hollow has been the setting for many a distinguished literary gathering. Her own work includes five novels and, most recently, "The Country Wife," a somewhat autobiographical chronicle of life in the country with a professor husband. It was a book club choice. The Van Dorens have two sons getting Ph.D.'s at Columbia.

When a school boy takes a lock of golden hair that belongs to the girl sitting near him and pokes it into an ink well, it may not be an act of malice, but of desperate love. That's the way it was with **DON BROWN**. The girl became his Becky Thatcher and the town his Tom Sawyer town. Mr. Brown has grown up, has been to Paris as a reporter and artist for the Chicago Tribune, and is now head of the art department of Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana. But he hasn't forgotten his Becky. For all the details, and his pictures illustrating them, turn to page 2.



The two artists who trailed along with the Order of the Fringed Phacelia (see page 32) are **GEORGE CRESS** (left) and **JOSEPH COX**. They had to stick close enough to sketch accurately and far back enough to keep the models from getting self-conscious. At one time, Mr. Cox was drawing Mr. Cress, who was sketching Miss Huper, who was drawing Dr. Boarts, who was doing a close-up of a trillium. While not safe from one another, all were safe from wildlife: bears took fright at seeing six of the party coming down a trail in the rain under one poncho. Mr. Cox, a graduate of the Herron Art School in Indianapolis and the University of Iowa, is an associate professor at the University of Tennessee. Mr. Cress studied with Jean Charlot and Karl Knaths, and has had numerous exhibitions and one-man shows. He is head of the art department, University of Chattanooga.



CADDO LAKE reaches for sixty-five miles through northeast Texas into the northwest tip of Louisiana. This “far away and wonderful place” is said to have been formed in 1811, a result of the New Madrid earthquake which produced striking topographical changes over a vast area. An old Indian, who was an eye-witness to Caddo’s violent creation, described it in these words: “—the earth had chills and fever and shook in the night, and our village sank. Then the waters of Cypress Bayou rolled over our home ground, and we fled to the hills.”

Caddo, or The Big Lake, is high in the boyhood memories of Don Brown, who painted the above picture, and who writes of his Tom Sawyer Town, Marshall, Texas, on page 2. ■

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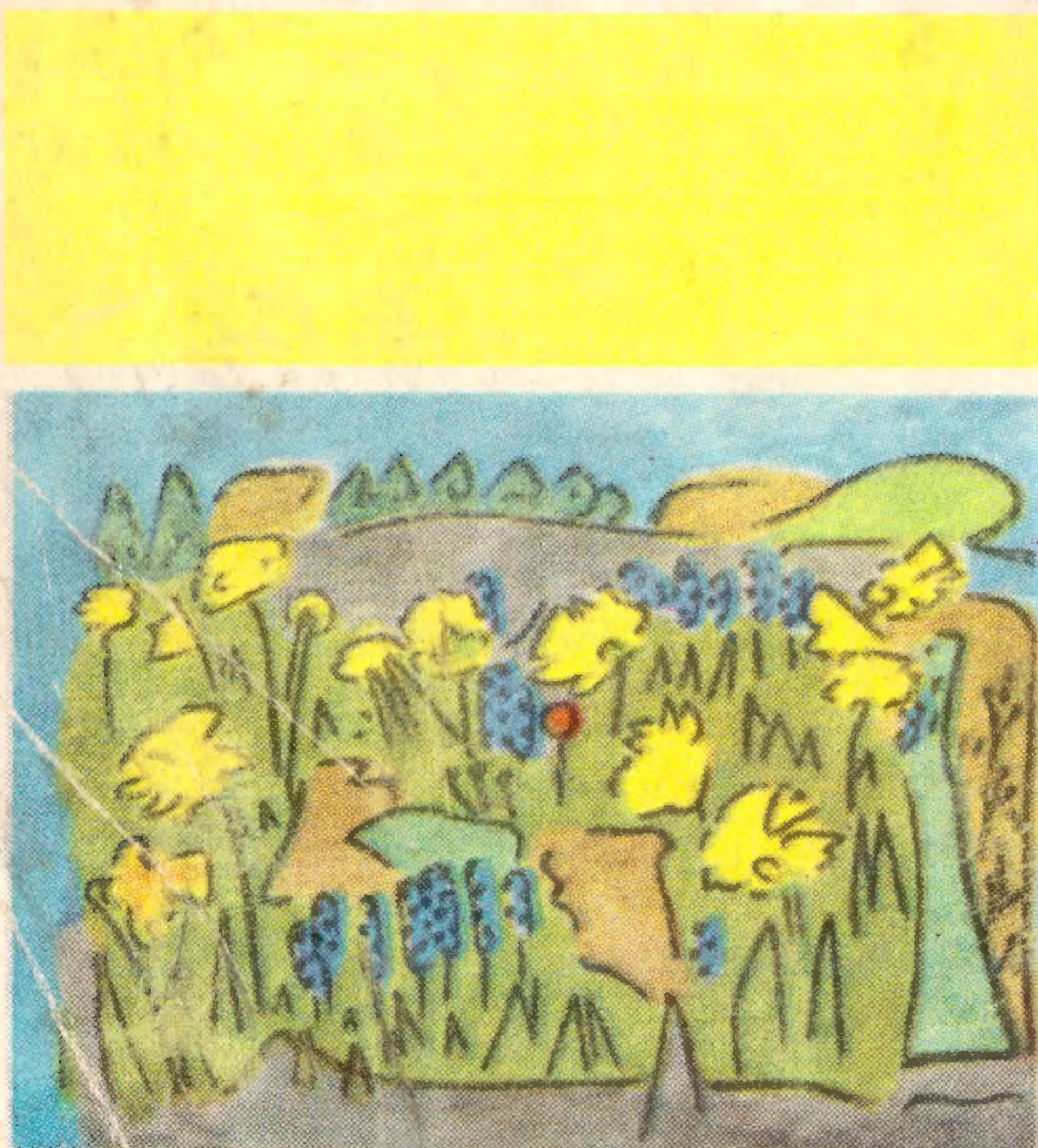
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Front Cover—FORD TIMES readers are familiar with Charles Culver's animal paintings, many of which have appeared in these pages. He is also well known, however, for his watercolors of flowers. This one, "Daffodils and Grape Hyacinths," epitomizes the freshness of spring.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.